

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXXIII.

SALEM, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1885.

NO. 3.

THE DESCENT OF WINTER.
With one strong foot upon the prone, dumb
land, the snowflakes out his great, rough
hands, in tempests poured beneath the
sky.
In whirling storm-gusts, doth he stand and
cry: "Lo, I come—King Winter!"

Frozen becomes the bleak moon's shadow
edge.

The lank crane shivers in the frosty sedge;
The little sparkles fit with trembling wings;
Over the dark reeds, and the plover sings:

"Ah, he is come—King Winter!"

The frowsy pipe-wands on the gary marsh
Stand frozen, battling 'gainst the cold winds
hush;

The homeless snowflakes, sinking, yet un-
dumb,

Down-dropping in the black-pools, sigh: "We
come:

The ensigns of King Winter"

Bent are the brakes beneath the whelming
snows;

The timid rabbit through the marsh-grass
goes;

Wet-winged the robin pipes beyond the fea,
At mournful twilight answered by the wren:

"Night—night have pity, Winter!"

Still mute and prostrate the grim landscape
lies;

Still fall the flakes down from the pitless
skies

In swarms thro' the wide-dusk-on everything,
Sown from the Northland by the Giant-King,

Ruler of Rivers, Winter.

Ruddy the lamps within you cottage glow,
And chidish voice comes wailing to me—

In mirthy laughter and incessant mirth,
When the thawed roof snow slips into the

earth.

Under the steps of Winter.

Shut fast thy door, my Soul, and bide with-
in;

Heart-warmth hast thou, and Love to house
thee in;

Let the snows fall, still shall our nights be
mirth;

Quiet, with laughter by the fireside hearth;

Down thy snows, oh, Winter!

Still, when without I hear the pitous call
Of His lost robes in the gray nightfall,
I wish, while the winds wail with bitter
cold,

All things of His housed warm within His
fold:

His birds!—have mercy, Winter.

Where are His dewdrops now? His tender
leaves?

His social cricket 'mong the noonday
sheaves?

Hath Earth no answer? Hark! 'Tis the
heron gray

Calling, across the moon's edge far away,

"Cold are thy feet, oh, Winter!"

—Charles J. O'Malley, in the Current.

MISS SCAMPER.

None at the Rappahannock Sulphur Springs knew who Miss Scamper was, and few cared to know. She came with an old gentleman, who registered the pair as "S. Scamper and grand daughter, New York city." They were doubtless poor folks on a holiday. They had no servants with them. The old man was a sort of a rustic, rusted old fellow, with his train of antique eastern ornaments, who bore the letters S. S. in brass headed nail. The young woman's trunk—she had but one—was large enough and of modern make, but it was apparently not well filled, since she had shown but three dresses all the three weeks she had remained. One of these, of rich material, she wore evenings; the other two, of somewhat more modest wear, alternately in daytime. She had no jewelry beyond a plain gold brooch. One of the eligible young men there said that "the Scamper had one Sunday-go-to-meeting and two work day suits," for which his neighbor should have kicked him, but didn't. The eligible young man was looking for an eligible mate in the person of Miss Scamper, the heiress, whom the society paper had written as being coming to the Rappahannock, though, as she hadn't come, the Brown's young man of the society paper labored under a delusion. The match making dowagers did not fear this modest, pretty, and well cultured young woman, for the gilded youth, who were also lying in wait for Miss Bolsover, much more gilded, did not mind her. Indeed, she had no train. Her business was to after her poor brother, who was not in good health, and with whom the waters seemed to agree. Didymus Dodd, who had scraped an acquaintance with old Scamper, as the fellows irreverently called him, seemed to be her admirer. Didymus was nobody. He was a boy, tall, handsomely and of good looks; he was a well educated clerk in a Philadelphia insurance company. To be sure, he would be superintendent after January, vice Higgins, retired and superannuated, and would then draw a salary of \$5,000 a year. But no one knew that, and the possible good fortune to poor Miss Scamper and had they known, five thousand a year was no great matter. So the field was left to poor Miss Scamper and welcome.

Didymus only began paying attention to Miss Scamper out of courtesy, and because no one else did; but the more he saw of her the more he liked her, and it ended in his being deeply in love with her. As he and she were the only important people at the old and fashioned hotel, the other visitors, counting their dollars, while up in hunting and shooting, were naturally attracted, and by way of getting both out of the way of marriageable sons and daughters, scheming mothers lent the affair all the quiet encouragement possible. And this passed into a more active notice from two little incidents that occurred about ten days before the end of the two months' vacation of Didymus.

There was a Mrs. De Nye at the Springs, who was well known as an amateur vocalist of merit, and whose voice, though a little ready in the upper notes, had been trained so well as to make her worth a hearing. One evening, when a few were in the parlors, her friends besought her to favorably consider the offer of her readiness, but then happened to be no accompanist. Miss Scamper, who was chatting near by with Didymus, looked up, and quietly said, "Perhaps I can serve that way, Mrs. De Nye."

"Can you play at sight, Miss Scamper?"

Miss Scamper nodded assent, and seated herself at the piano-forte, and accompanied the voice with such good judgment that the singer was delighted.

"How did you know?" he said.
"A little bird told me," she said. "But do you sing? You surely must."

Urged by all around, Miss Scamper, to her own accompaniment, began an air from "Il Coronaro." Her voice proved to be a rich soprano, of full register, clear as a silver bell, and admirably cultivated. There was a moment's pause when she had done, as though not to lose a note, and then a storm of applause.

Here was a sensation. Everybody talked of her method, and the gilded youth were in raptures. The matronly Miss Scamper was a member of some church choir, or attached to some English opera troupe, who knew? But they were civil. There was a party going over to Almont, Colonel Parfisal's place, next day. Would she go? She assented. Didymus said to her in a low voice:

"It is a riding party, Miss Scamper. I am the time; but your tongue refused its office. After a little pause, Miss Scamper said, "I have had a pleasant time here, and am almost sorry that I leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Didymus, in despair, seizing her hand, which was not withdrawn. "Oh, Ruth, Miss Scamper!"

Here he stopped, but the fingers of the lady tightened a little in his grasp. A friendly cloud passed over the moon, and the recess grew darker.

"I love you, Ruth, darling," he murmured, and drew her unresistingly to him. The spirits of Didymus rose from zero to buy.

The people on the veranda, were too busy in conversation to hear a faint sound made at the sealing of a compact between two foolish young people. But once it was all settled, the tongue of Didymus was fairly unloosened, and he went on building his—her joint scheme of life. He told her of the money he had, and said that he had a thousand dollars in prospect, and the cosy little suburban cottage on the Schuykill, with its acre of ground, that he would be able to buy.

"And there is room for grandfather to live with us here."

"That might not suit him, Didymus," she replied, "though it is kind and thoughtful of you to make such a proposal." As they were admiring the animal, Miss Scamper, in a neat pink dress, said, "I have a little groom took off his hat. Didymus, not a little astonished, put forth his hand, and the lady vaulted to the back of the horse with easy grace. The cavalcade set out, Miss Scamper and Didymus together, and being better mounted than the others, were soon at the head of the column.

About a mile from the Springs there was a bridge over a rocky, up-tree bound brown down, down the side of the road, and had fallen across the road, the trunk well up on account of the wide roots. Some one had already cleared a way by letting down fence on the roadside; but Miss Scamper did not go around with the rest. She faced the trunk, and then trotted on. Didymus had got over, and had run up to her. "I have a two-third interest in the great banking house of Gould, Silver & Co., New York, Paris and Vienna, though he figures as the Co. He has his own house and a great many more of them."

Didymus, in spite of his acceptance, was a good yawn somehow. This rich boy: "I beg your pardon, Miss Scamper," he said, "but I am so tired."

"Yes, Didymus, you believed him poor. But why do you call me Miss Scamper? Why not Ruth? which is sweet—so sweet!" And then my name is Ruth Scamper at all?"

"Not Scamper, Ruth! Are you not Mr. Scamper's granddaughter?"

"Oh, yes, his only granddaughter, and the only one he has. But my mother was his only daughter—we are both orphans, Didymus—and of course, take my father's name. I hope you won't buy that cottage, since you like Almont; for I am Ruth Bolsover." —Harper's Bazaar.

The Flag of Truce at Appomattox.

General E. W. Whitaker, who was a cavalry officer under General Custer, in correcting some errors that appeared in the New York *Cricket* in connection with certain war relics in the possession of Mrs. Scamper, writes a Washington correspondent: "The battle of Appomattox has given interesting contribution to the incidents attending the surrender of General Lee's army." The flag of truce at Appomattox was not tied to a pole and carried at the head of a little column of cavalry, but was in the hands of Captain Simms, of General Longstreet's staff, who alone met and arrested the charging general, and gathered up his standards. "I have been with General Lee's army," said the younger of his companions, "and am a full member of the Swiss cheese and another a sardine sandwich, and three young ladies of expensive scallops and towering hat plumes were lazily smoking cigarettes over delicately-looking compounds that were fairly suggestive of a vinous or acoholic base. It was late in the afternoon.

"I must really be going now, dear," said one of a party of three, reluctantly rising, after finishing her beer and gathering up her packages. "I have been here two hours already, and will have time to see to the dinner before I go." —*Harper's Bazaar*.

"Stay for one more," urged one of her companions. "You gave now, the holiday displays and the consequent crush in the stores as an excuse for late shopping, you know."

"No, thank you; I've tried that on twice already, and my husband is too wide-awake to put up with it again. Good-bye, and remember you both owe me a visit."

"Not Scamper, Ruth! Are you not like my mother?"

"Oh, yes, his only granddaughter, and the only one he has. But my mother was his only daughter—we are both orphans, Didymus—and of course, take my father's name. I hope you won't buy that cottage, since you like Almont; for I am Ruth Bolsover." —Harper's Bazaar.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—**N. W. N. C. R. R.**

No. 9 Leaves Salem, 6:00 a. m.
" 10 Arrives " 11:38 a. m.
" 11 Leaves " 5:10 p. m.
" 12 Arrives " 11:57 a. m.

Instrumental Music.

Persons wishing to take lessons on Cornell or any brass instrument can be accommodated by applying to S. T. MICKEY, Salem, N. C. Jan 22d, 1885.

The Mortgage sale of S. S. Jones, Esq., has been postponed to February 21st.

See tax notice of A. Fogle.

New firm of Giersh, Sensenman & Co., tin-wares, &c.

The Baltimore Clothing House of M. M. Stein, has inaugurated a grand cleaning out sale, to make room for Spring stock. The goods will be sold regardless of cost. Advertisement next week. Don't fail to go and see for yourself.

Weather cold and cloudy.

The Vogler jewelry shop building is being fitted up for a residence for Mrs. Church.

Prof. Agthe, has rented the brick residence of the late John Vogler, which will be repaired.

Mrs. Shaver, of Salisbury, is visiting Mrs. H. A. Lemly, who has been very sick, but improving.

We regret to learn that Martin V. Vogler has been confined to his room for several weeks, by a severe attack of rheumatism.

Prof. Mayo, of Boston, lectured on Education, at Brown's Hall, Winston, and at the Salem Female Academy on Tuesday afternoon.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Raleigh, last week, Maj. S. H. Smith, of Winston, was elected Senior Grand Warden.

J. J. Leight, of Indiana, is visiting his parents and friends at Wauhawtown. He is looking well, and will return to his Western home in a few weeks.

Vigorous health is man's finest estate. If weak and nervous, send for circular and free trial package of Pastilles—a radical cure.

Harris Remedy Co., St. Louis, Mo.

G. L. Miller's dry klin was partially destroyed by fire on Wednesday evening last, and a large quantity of lumber damaged and destroyed.

The last riddle out: Why was my baby's last attack of croup like this paragraph? Because it was very short, and ended with that wonderful cure, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Miss Jane Parker, a graduate of Salem Female Academy and last year teacher in that institution, has accepted a position as teacher of music at Oak Ridge Institute, we learn.

Thanks for an invitation to the Fiftieth anniversary of the Literary societies of Wake Forest College, February 13th. We notice that H. B. Conrad, of Lewisville, is Secretary, and J. L. White, of Winston, is one of the negative debaters.

Prevent serious sickness by taking occasionally one of Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, a wonderful appetizer, an absolute preventive and cure of biliousness, pleasant to take, sugar-coated. Ask your druggist for them and take no other.—15 Cents

The following Vestry has been elected for St. Paul's church for the ensuing year: J. C. Buxton, J. A. Robinson, R. T. Stedman, W. P. Ormrod, A. J. Joutray, Chas. Bedford, R. L. Chandler, J. C. Buxton, Senior Warden, J. A. Robinson, Junior Warden, R. L. Chandler, Treasurer. Vestry meets first Monday in each month.—Leader.

The ELECTION.—At the special election held on last Thursday, to fill the vacancy in Congress, occasioned by the resignation of Gen. Scales, Hon. J. A. Reid was elected.

In Forsyth, Mr. Reid received 656 votes, L. C. Edwards 30, and Jas. S. Worth, his opponent 17 votes.

In Stokes, Mr. Reid received 454 votes, Worth 6, and Edwards 5.

The School Fund of Forsyth County for the Present Year.

The General School Fund of the county, not including Winston District, amounts to \$7,434.23 and the number of children between the ages of 6 and 21 years, 5,488, allowing an apportionment of \$1.34 to each child.

In Winston District the school taxes collected, general and special amount to \$1,554.13 and the number of children 1,227, allowing an apportionment of \$8.2 per school child.

In addition to the general school there is also a special fund kept to make deficiencies in any district where the apportioned funds are not sufficient to continue the school four months. This fund amounts to \$1,495.06, net, and does not, of course, include Winston township.—Sentinel.

FOUND DEAD.—On Friday morning the 9th inst., Mr. P. N. Wheeler, revenue-storekeeper, left his place of business at the still of Mr. Peter Foust to go to the post-office, but not returning in a reasonable length of time soon as was begun proving fruitless, and finally great excitement prevailed. The search, however, continued until Monday evening, when his wife with a lady friend found him lying dead beside a path,

where it appeared he had been dragged to, after having been murdered. On examination it was discovered that he had a scar on the back of his head and his neck was broken, showing conclusively that he came to his death by a stroke on his head, which broke his neck.

His remains were brought to High Point Tuesday and interred in the city cemetery.

Mr. Wheeler had many relatives and friends in High Point, and was very popular wherever known. Proper investigation should be made at once to apprehend and convict the perpetrator of the foul deed if such be the case.—*High Point Enterprise.*

A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Jan. 17th, 1885:

Hugh Beeson, Louis Collins, L. A. Coro, G. Z. Crews, Gathier Crump, Manerva Hansen, G. W. Harrall, (2) J. E. Hutchins, J. G. Helmstetter, Louis Kimel, Miss Maria Longworth, Miss Sarah Lincoln, James W. Mifflin, Levi Mathes, William Mock, C. D. Pickle, James T. Parks, Mrs. Eli Rominger, Francis Shore, David Shore, Bonnet Swaim, Augustus Shoaf, Aaron Stafford, Daniel Sink, Jonas Spain, Laura C. Tesh, And, And.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters. If not called for within one month will be sent to the dead letter office.

J. BLICKENDERFER, P. M.

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

FROM THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH.]

The defective flues in the court house have been replaced by chimney's. The work was done by Watson & Cecil.

The locating committee of the Baptist Orphanage association have bought three good farms just outside of Thomasville, where they will build the orphanage. The farms contain more than three hundred acres of fine land, the greater part timbered land.

On Christmas day, Mr. C. C. Bixley, a citizen of Reedy Creek town, was crossing Yadkin river at Grimes' ferry, on horseback, and being intoxicated, attempted to make his drink from the end of the boat. The horse in trying to reach the water, lost his balance and fell into the river with his rider. The horse swam ashore but the rider was drowned.

On Christmas eve, a travelling post right agent called at the house of Mr. D. C. Adler, in Reedy Creek township, and after eating supper retired. The next morning he was found dead in bed. Our informant forgot his name.

STOKES COUNTY.

[FROM THE REPORTER AND POST.]

It is now proposed to make two counties of Stokes. It seems to us it would be better to make one than further sub-divide. The Boston Post makes a suggestion to our people on this point. It says: "They seem to have a weakness for counties—there being, we believe, over 90 in the Old North State, with a population of about 1,500,000, while Massachusetts has only 14, with a population of 2,000,000. The North Carolinian who can repeat the names of all the counties in his State deserves to be considered liberally educated. They should pool their counties and save court houses."

It is proposed to make two counties of the court, that it is impossible for the Commissioners of the County and the court to keep in repair their buildings, and that these are becoming more and more dilapidated, and all the parties concerned desiring a sale of the same, and the court being satisfied that a sale thereof would be for the interest of the respective parties. On the 14th of December, the Clerk of this Court at public sale, on the premises of the same for thirty days, the *People's Post*, a newspaper published in said town, and at the Court House, in Winston, and four other public places in Forsyth County, on the 14th of December, the Clerk of this Court at public sale, on the premises of the same for thirty days, the *People's Post*, a newspaper published in said town, and at the Court House, in Winston, and four other public places in Forsyth County, on the 14th of December, the Clerk of this Court at public sale, on the premises of the same for thirty days, the *People's Post*, a newspaper published in said town, and at the Court House, in Winston, and four other public places in Forsyth County, on the 14th of December, the Clerk of this Court at public sale, on the premises of the same for thirty days, the *People's Post*, a newspaper published in said town, and at the Court House, in Winston, and four other public places in Forsyth 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SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.

SLAPJACKS OF HUMOR FROM THE GRIDLE.

A Change of Base—True Politicians Very Discouraging—Curiosity Ungratified—Some New Geography.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired in this row?" the magistrate asked the policeman who made the complaint.

"Right on the spot; right in the crowd," replied the officer, proudly.

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

And with blushing reserve the officer modestly admitted:

"Three blocks down the street, under the stone bridge, at the end of the culvert."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

True Politicians.

An old gentleman was walking somewhat gingerly along the icy sidewalk that extends west from the postoffice. There is an excellent slide at this point, and the old gentleman, with caution, with a wild boy came along the slide with a whoop and knocked the underpinning from below the pedestrian. They both fell, "Fitz James above, the Guel below." The old man, who was somewhat heavy, might have hurt himself were it not for the boy beneath. As the upper person slid down, the boy, who had been with him and calmly said: "One of us should apologize and as you are rather out of breath, I guess I'll do it. I'm very sorry, my son, that this unseemly incident occurred."

The boy gasped out:

"Betcher life—old—chap—ye ain't half so'n'y—I am."

And with a look of profound regrets, magnificently expressed, all chance of future trouble over the affair was happily averted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Very Discouraging.

Young Poorfellow (trying to make himself agreeable to his adored one's father)—"Ah, yes, the instinct of the true animal, such as the horse or elephant, is very remarkable, almost amounting to reason, in that, but among insects it is even more strongly developed."

Old Pafpure—"Indeed! I have not had much time in my busy life to look into such matters."

Young Poorfellow—"Yes, there is a certain animal, such as the fly, which shows marvelous foresight in providing for its young. It is, of course, necessary that they should have food as soon as hatched, and to insure this the insect lays its eggs in the body of a grub—a living grub, I mean, and when the eggs hatch the young one begins to feed on this grub, avoiding all vital parts, so that it may survive until it is almost entirely consumed. Is any such foresight shown among human beings, I would like to know?"

Old Pafpure—"Well, it seems to me that a young man shows a good deal of such foresight when he tries to marry in a rich family so that he and his children can live off the old folks."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Curiosity Ungratified.

The other day a mysterious-looking stranger appeared in Petaluma and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from or his business. At last the general agitation grew to such a pitch that the chief of police, who was the stranger in behalf of the public welfare, approaching the visitors at the hotel, as he sat in the office of the hotel, the functionality remarked.

"Fine day, sir."

"Eh, eh!" said the stranger, dubiously.

"Going to stay long in these parts?"

"For ten days, to have a rest and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table.

"Then—may I, eh, ahem, may I ask what your business is?" persisted the sheriff, as he gathered up closer.

"Well, I don't wish generally known," replied the stranger confidentially, "but I'm a Russian nihilist."

"You don't mean it!" gasped the official.

"Fact," replied the man mournfully.

"But—what brings you here?" asked the sheriff.

"Well, you see I was captured in St. Petersburg last month, and—know how severe that government is on nihilists."

"Oh! of course, go on."

"Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia or a week in Petaluma, and I was fool enough to choose Petaluma."

And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted off to dinner.—*Petaluma (Cal.) Herald.*

Some New Geography.

What is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, baseball grounds, cricket fields, and skating-rooms.

What portion of the globe is water?

About one-fourth. Sometimes they make a little more, sometimes a little less.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party" and loan money at fifteen per cent. interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a mayor who believes the whole world should be happy to fall flat on a crosswalk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing five dollars for a day or two and digging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races.

Horse-race, boat-race, bicycile-race, and racing around to find a man to endorse you.

What are now classes in mankind divided?

Seven—Enlightened, civilized, half-civilized, savage, too utter, not worth a cent, and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars, and the worst laws, and produce the worst citizens.

How many motions has the earth?

That's according to how you mix your drinks and which way you go home.

What is the earth's axis?

The lines passing between New York and San Francisco.

What does a day and night get?

Day is caused by night getting tired out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street-cars and going home to sleep.

The Over-Eating Club.

Experienced physicians count with entire confidence upon a great run of calls immediately after the holiday feast.

And the frank and communicative among them say to their patients, as they come in, "I know all about it without any examination." "It's the regular turkey and mince pie cold." And such it commonly is—the protest of the stomach against abuse, and the sympathetic and resultant rebellion of other organs or functions. "I never take cold," says the physician, with a peculiar chuckle, could always the canaries sing.

The experiment was tried several times for a week or more, and the tones of the accordion never failed to set the old gander into a lively dance. A bobolink, placed a cage with some canaries, exhibited great delight at their songs. He was a good singer, too, with a peculiar lightness that began to teach them their songs note by note, and in the course of a few weeks mastered the entire song.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Disappointment.

"Here's a good piece of advice," Captain Quibley, putting aside a newspaper and turning to his wife. "A paragraph here says that a man should never smoke a pipe while going down stairs. In case he falls, he is liable to break his neck to drive the stem through the roof of his mouth and out at the top of his head."

"I never heard of such a thing," replied Mrs. Quibley.

"It's not by any means improbable," rejoined the captain. "There's our old friend George Gaines. He is a great snifter, you know."

"Yes, with interest."

"Well, the other day—I forgot to mention it, by the way—he was coming

THE DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

NOW MARINERS ARE WARNED AGAINST SHOALS, ROCKS, ETC.

down stairs and his foot slipped, and down he went. He always smoked a long stem pipe you know."

"Yes, he had a passion for long stem pipes. One day while we were out hunting he found a cane root about five feet long. He took it home with him and had it bored out. Beats any—"

"But when he fell did he drive through his head?"

"Right on the spot; right in the crowd," replied the officer, proudly.

"And where were you when the second shot was fired?"

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"Three blocks down the street, under the stone bridge, at the end of the culvert."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The process of drying lumber by surrounding it with common salt is just now attracting attention. The peculiar power of salt for extracting moisture is well known.

Teeth and appendages of the skin, not of the animal, and like other superficial organs are especially liable to be modified in accordance with the habits of the creature.

There is a mysterious disappearance of animals such as the horse or elephant, which have been heavy, might have hurt himself were it not for the boy beneath. As the upper person slid down, the boy, who had calmly said: "One of us should apologize and as you are rather out of breath, I guess I'll do it. I'm very sorry, my son, that this unseemly incident occurred."

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FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

BORDER CARNATIONS.

J. Douglas, in the *Garden*, states that this beautiful plant may be grown in any garden in town or country without any further preparation of the soil than digging a good garden, and the